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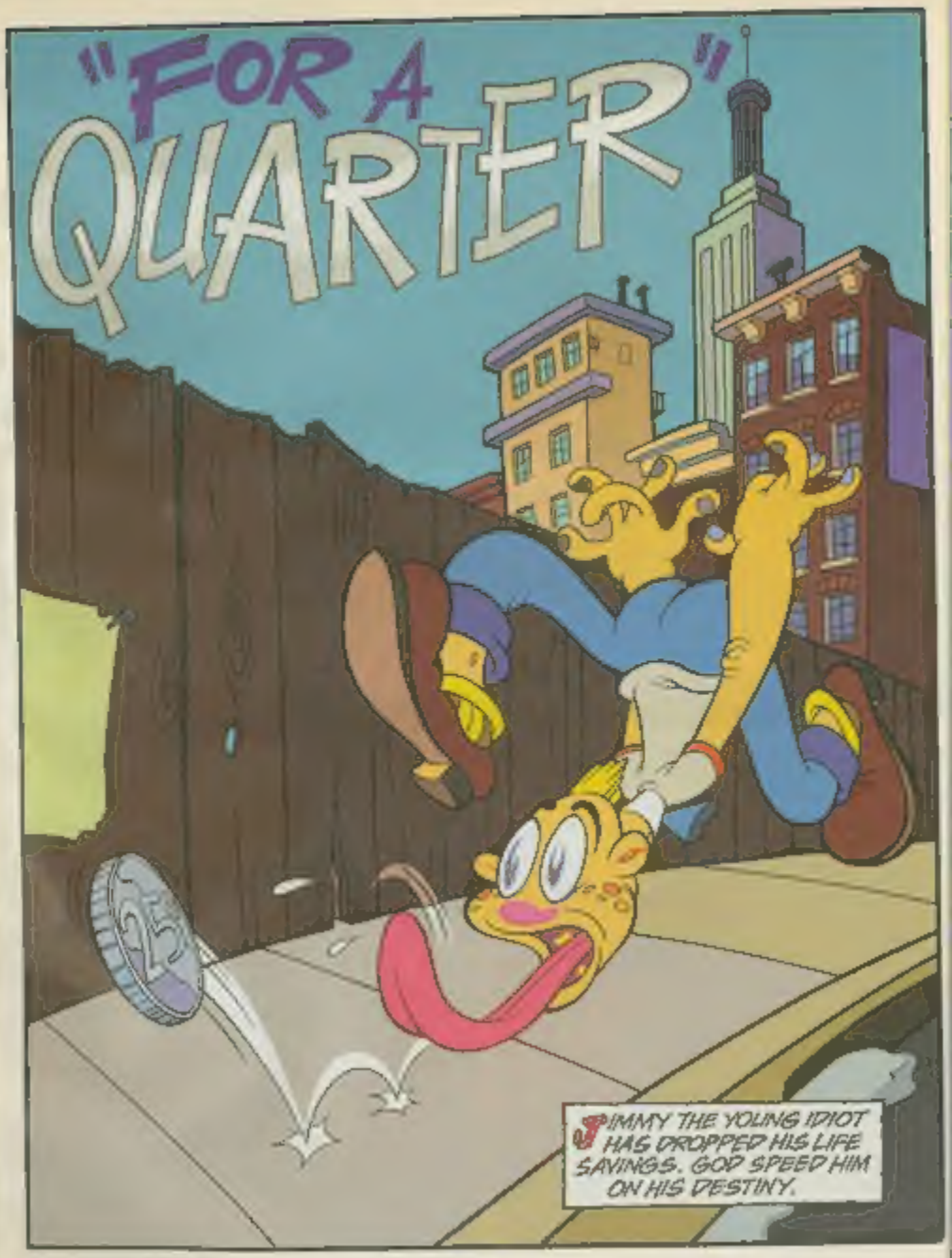
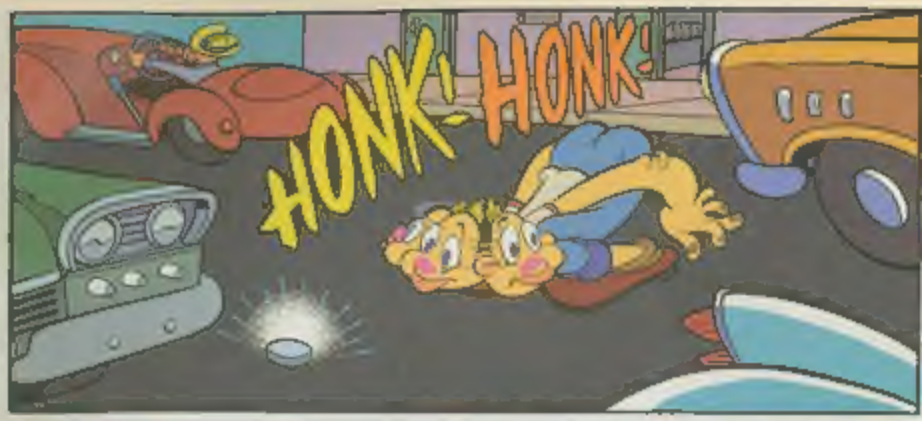


GASP!

CLINK CLINK

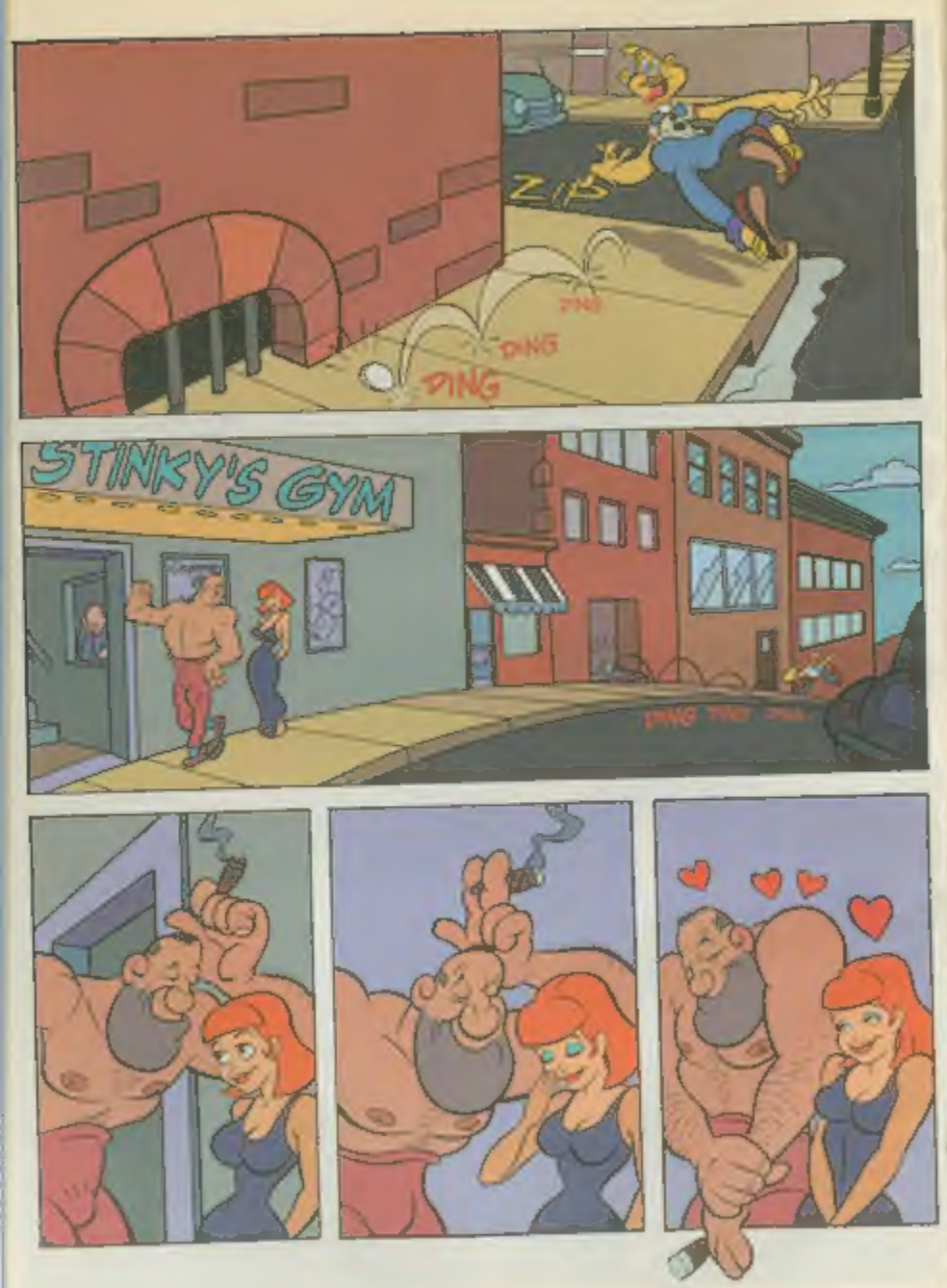
PING
DING
PING


HONK! HONK!

VROOM

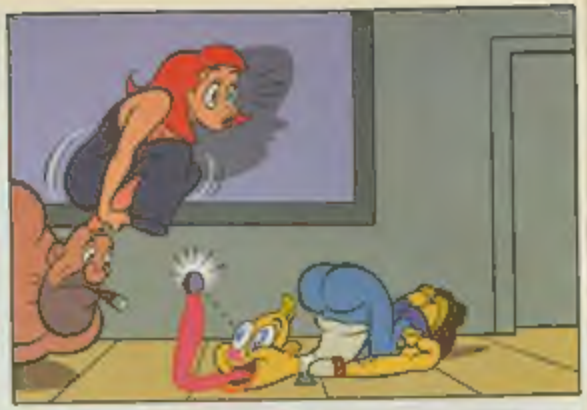
TASTE

DING!
SQUISH
NAB
YANK
WHAT DO YA THINK YOU'RE DOING PLAYING OUT IN THE STREET AND IMPENDING VEHICULAR TRAFFIC?
CLING
CLING
CLING
WHY I OUGHTTA RUN YOU IN!
SAY, YOU WOULDN'T HAPPEN TO BE A MORON WOULD YA?
I SEE.
NOT QUITE RIGHT IN THE HEAD
WELL, THAT'S A DIFFERENT STORY. GO AHEAD AND PLAY IN THE STREET ALL YOU WANT.


ZIP
DING
DING
DING
STINKY'S GYM

TINK TINK
VIP
CLINK
WHIP WHIP WHIP
WOOT
OOCH OOCH OOCH
WEET WEET WEET
DING

WOOOOO



OH! A MASHER, huh?

YOUSE WANT TO KNOW WHAT WE DO WIT MASHERS? YOUSE WANT I SHOULD SHOW YEZ?

WAIT A MINUTE HONEY. LET ME CHECK SOMETHING.

POIP!

I THINK HE'S SOFT IN THE HEAD.

hmmm...

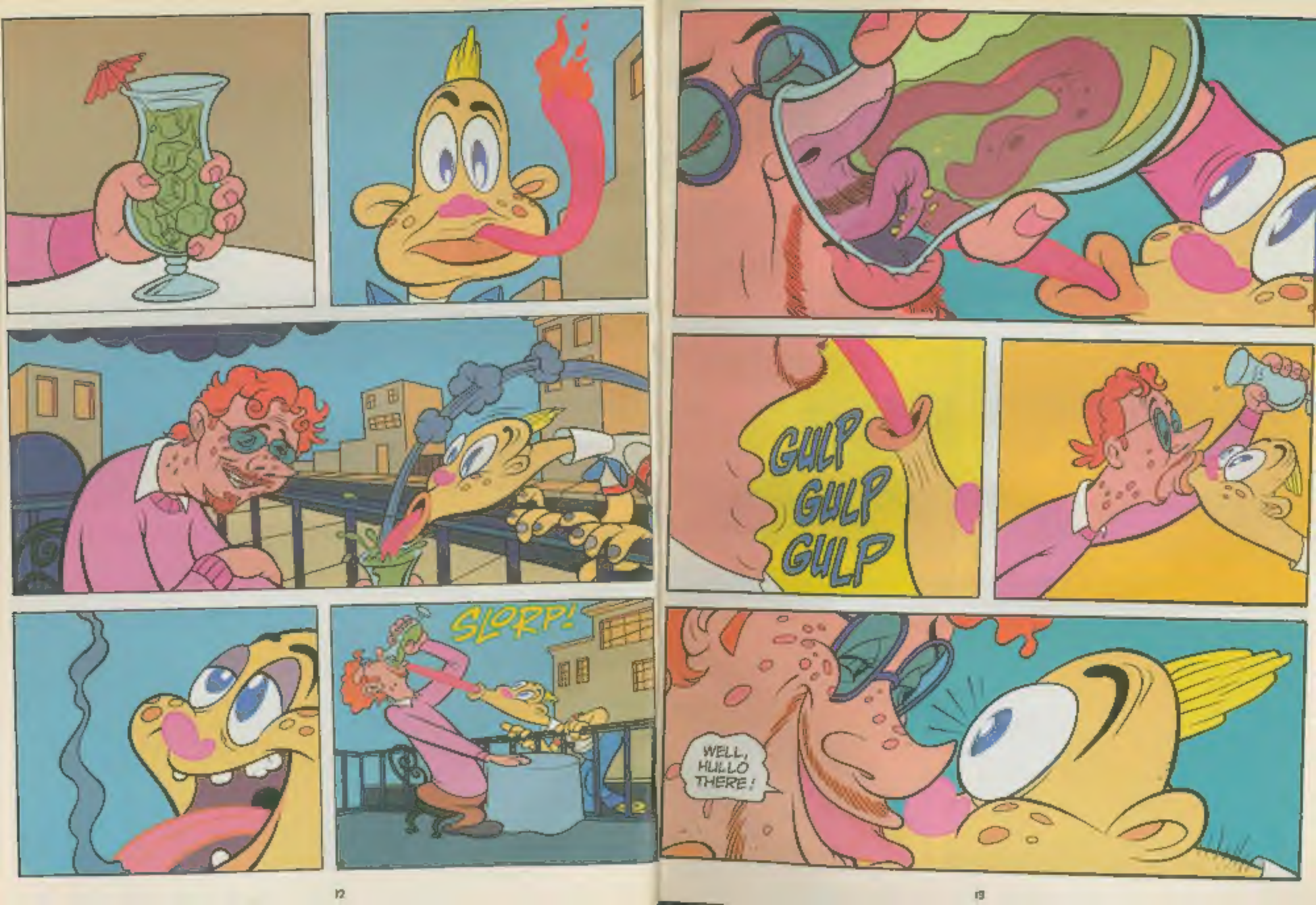
CHEW
CHEW

WOULD YOU LOOK AT THAT. YER RIGHT! I GUESS WE SHOULD LET 'IM GO, huh?
THUB

HE LOOKS LIKE A TINY BIRD SET FREE!
YEAH, HE'S A CUTE LITTLE MORON.

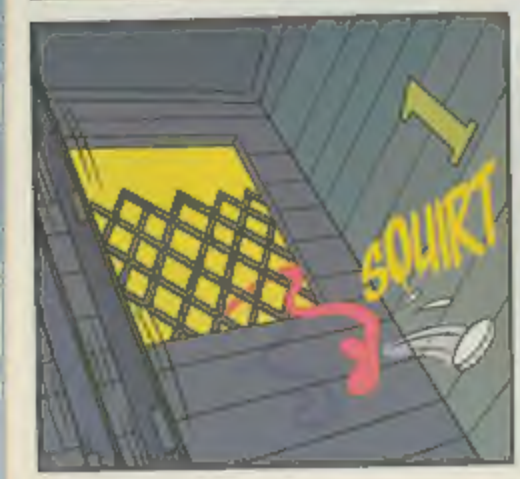
YIPE!
SCRREECCHH!

ZZZZ


SLORP!
GULP
GULP
GULP
WELL, HULLO THERE!

NOT IN FRONT OF THE BOY YOU HEDONISTS!!!
$
PINK
PINK
PINK
PINK
SLAM
POP
SCREETCH!!

CLIK
CLIK
CLIK

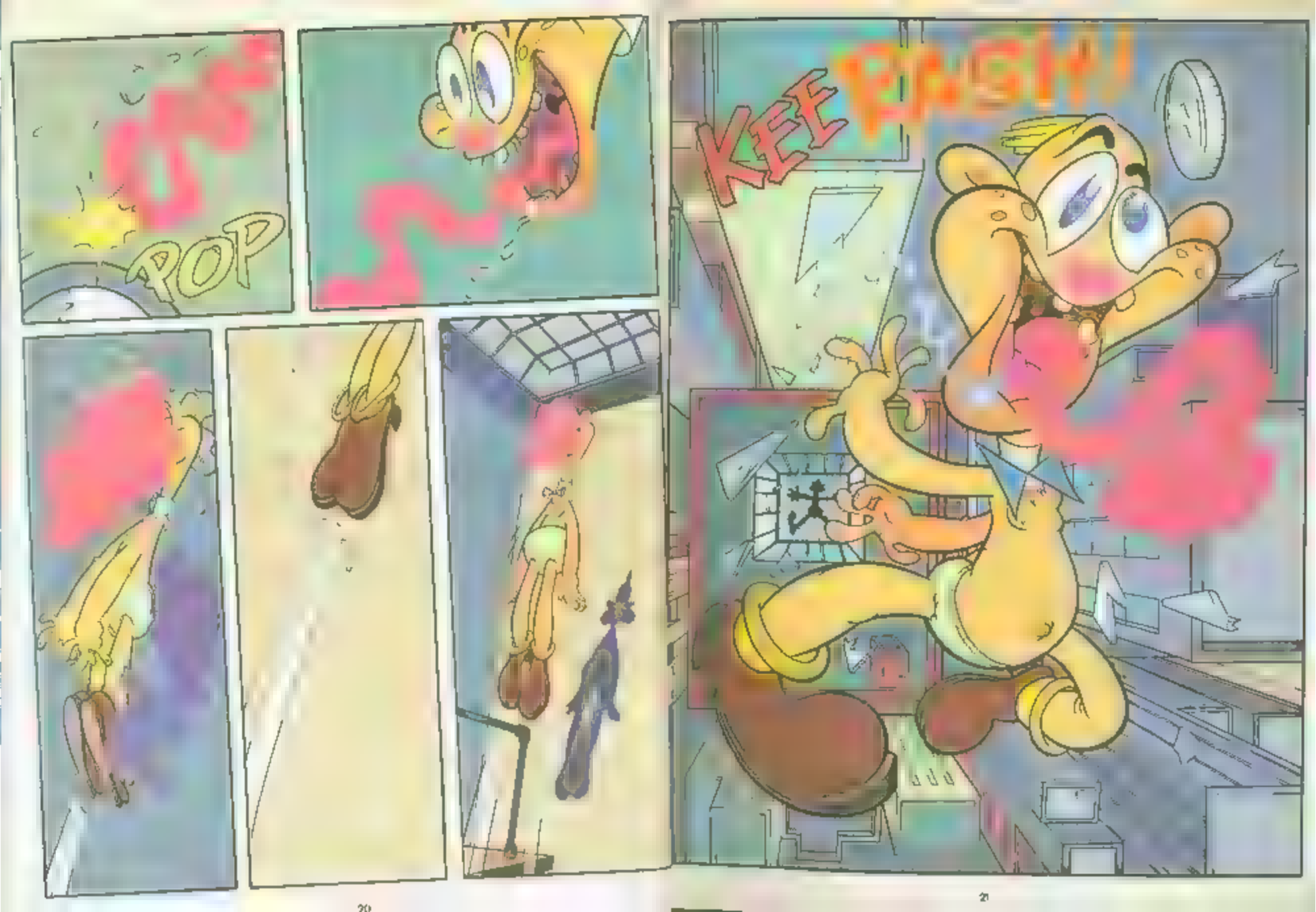

SQUIRT

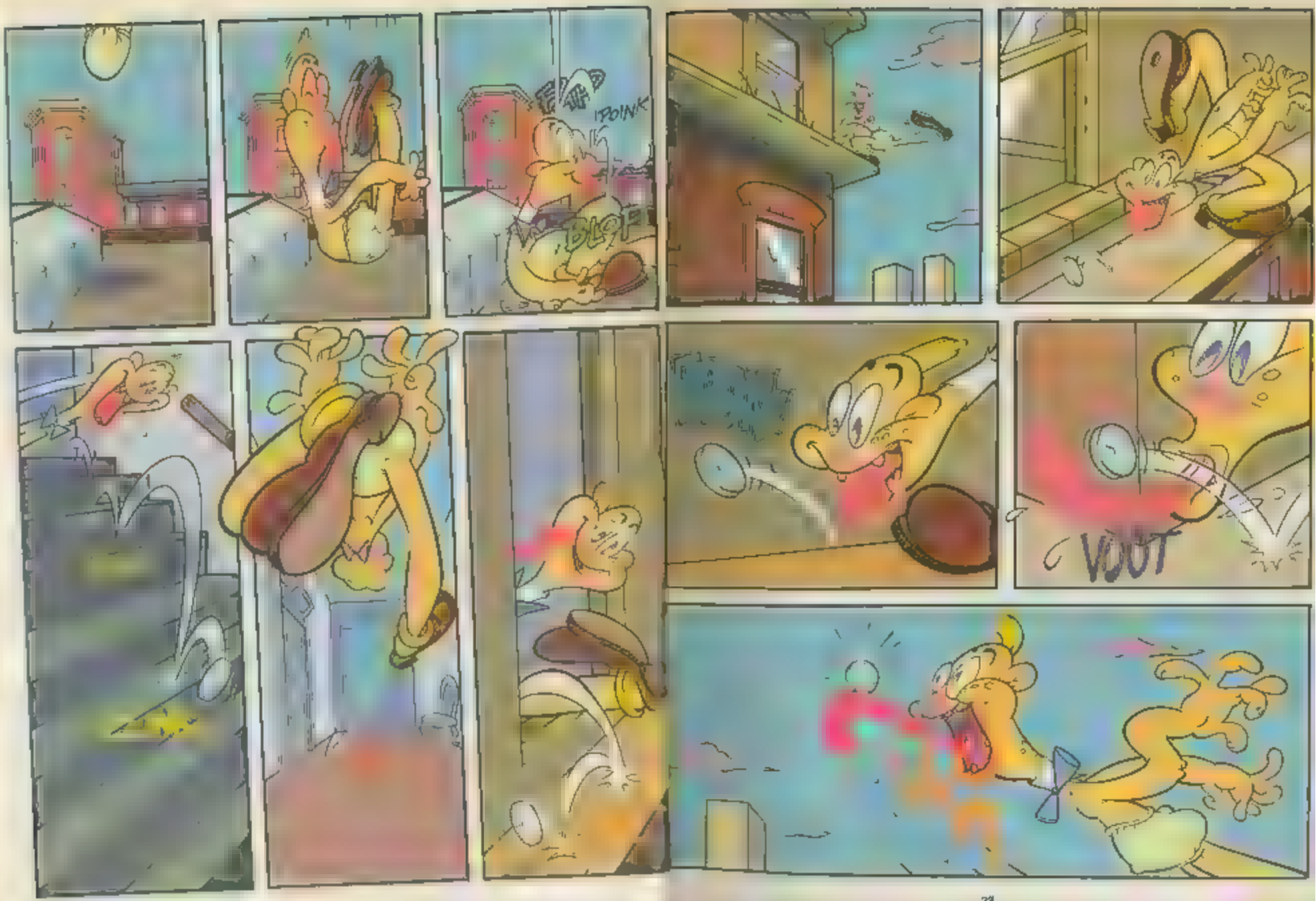
CLINK

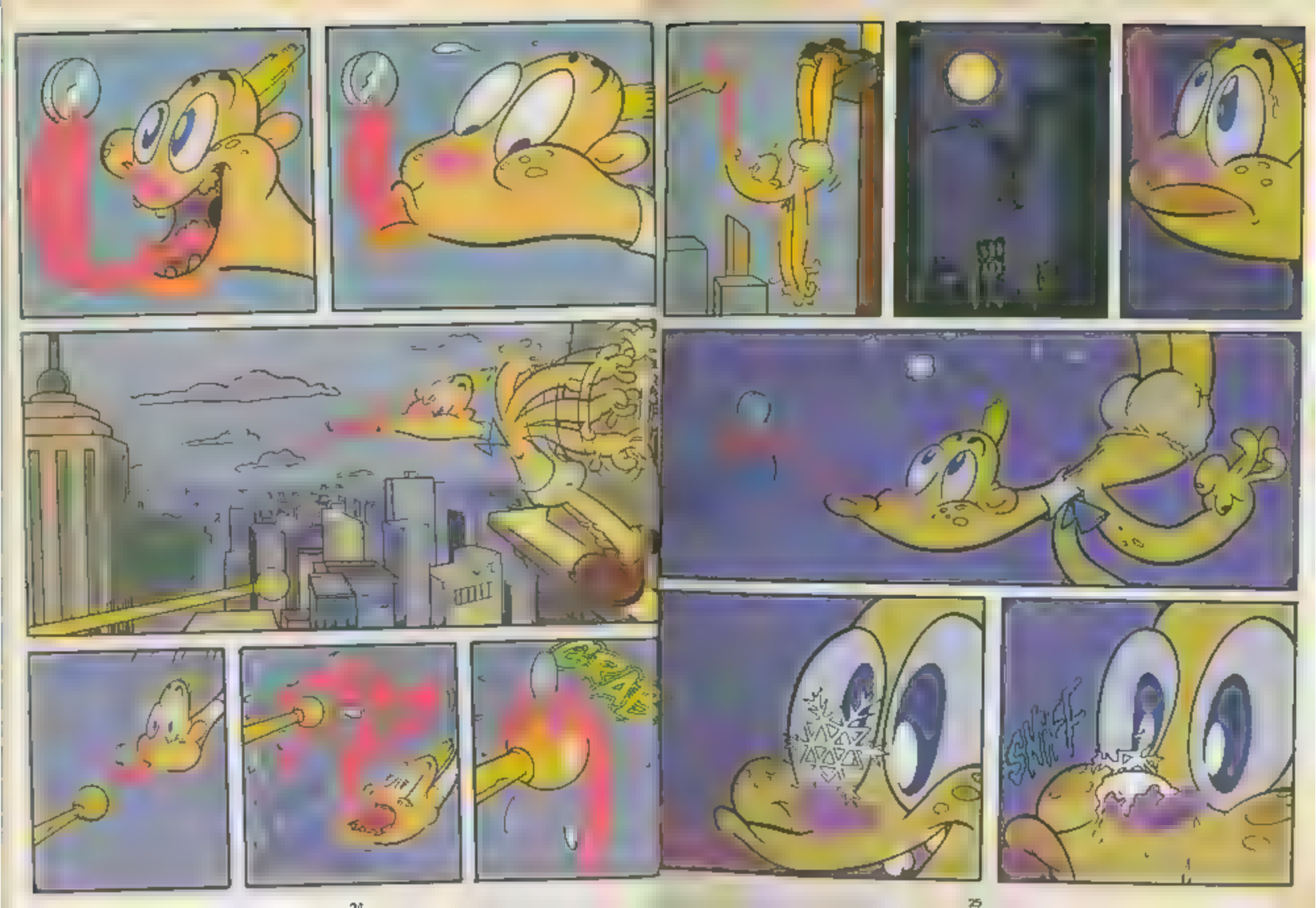
CHUGGA CHUGGA

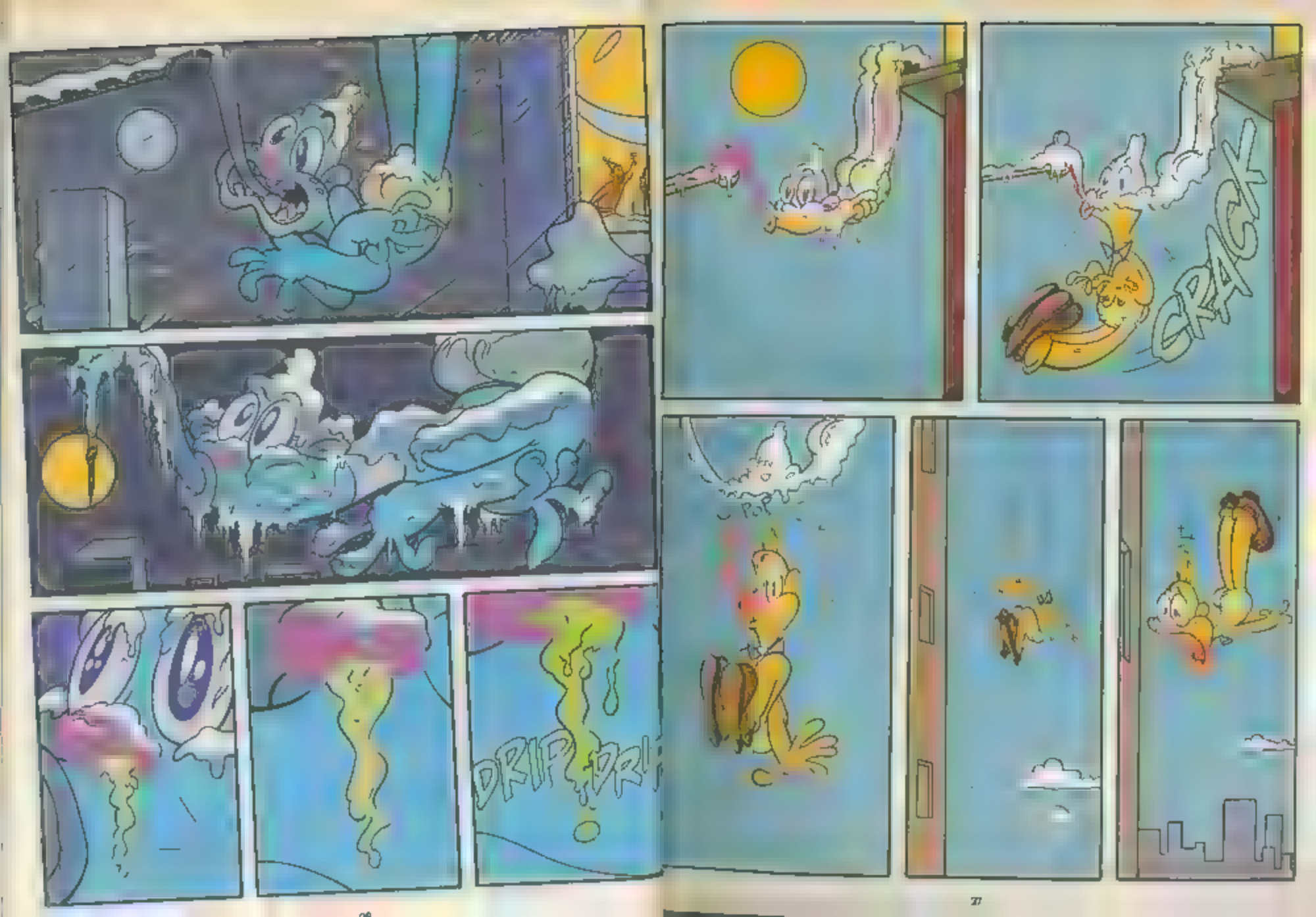
CHUGGA
CHUG
CHUGGA

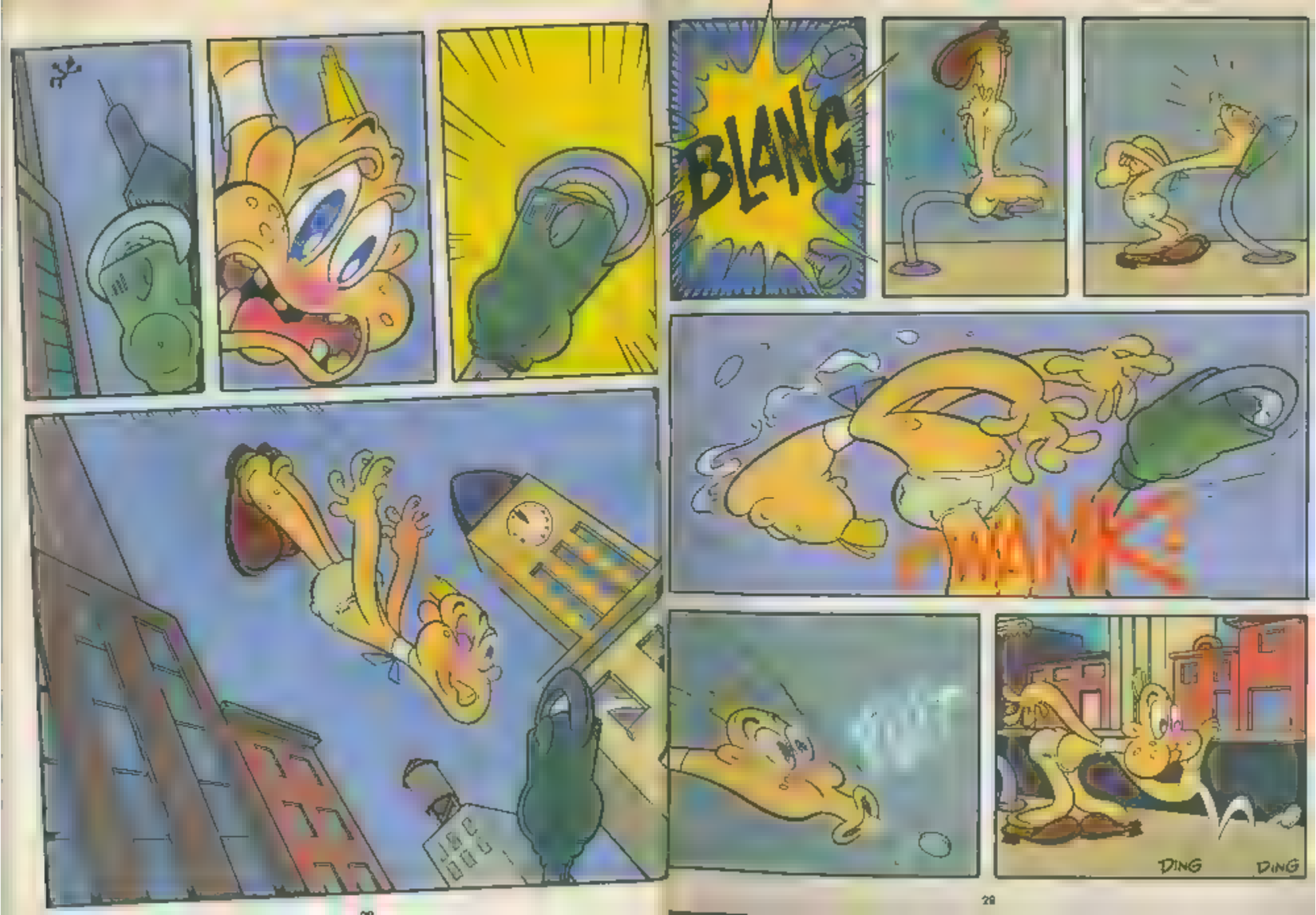
CHUG CHUG
JERK
SNAP
FR FR FR


POP
KEE PUNGH!


POINK
BLOP
VUUT


SNIFF


DRIP
DRIP
POP
CRACK


BLANG
WAMPE
DING
DING

KING!
SHOOKA SHING
FUC
FOO
SHINK
SHINK
MAN DID YA EVER SEE SUCH A LUCKY DIOT ?!!!

EDITORIAL

SPÜMCØ
FROM OUR MOUTHS TO YOUR STOMACHS

WHY GIRLS LOVE CARTOONISTS

Doesn't it drive you nuts? It doesn't matter what you do, how hard you try. You work out like a maniac, build up the muscles, get yourself an expensive two tone salon haircut, you don't shave for three days, then you get on your motorcycle, bare-chested, wrapped in chains, fifteen cigarettes hangin' out of your mouth, and drive down the beach, blasting sand behind you, and what do you run into? A guy hunched over a drawing board surrounded by a jingling bevy of gorgeous babes. Yes sir, joining a dress a woman wider than a man who can draw Flintstones.

What is it about us anyway? Is it the cute little graphite smudges on our lips? The pencil shavings trapped in our eyebrows? The network of tiny paper cut scabs crisscrossing our calloused fingers? No, nothing so superficial. The cartoonist's special magnetism runs much deeper!

For one thing, cartoonists are artistic types. That means we're more sensitive, and you know how girls love that.

Plus, cartoonists are the white breed of artists. We're wilder, we like to paper men, we don't settle for standard approved by polite society sort of traditions. We monkey with things, you know—sort of poke our noses around in places that we're not supposed to, and this kind of attitude translates into our love-making techniques. We find out things that you don't even know about!

Of course, being cartoonists, we have better hand-eye coordination than regular guys and that's an obvious boon. We have longer tongues.

Well, it's gotta be hard on you girlfriends and wives of cartoonists, to have to watch all these gorgeous babes chasin' after your men, but you just have to accept this fact of nature. You don't ask the bees to stop making honey, do you? Look at it this way: We're practicing! By the time we get to you we're really good at it.

All you quarterbacks, ski-instructors, and rock-stars out there, we feel for you, we really do, but listen, there's still hope. Just because you can't draw funny pictures, doesn't mean you can't hang out with cartoonists! Butter 'em up! Buy some of their wacky pictures, and tell the girls you know actual cartoonists. That oughta do something for you. In the mean time,

keep reading our comics

Dick P

Richard Pursel
Spumco Big-Shot Editor

Famous Hollywood cartoonist Eddie Fitzgerald with a voluptuous fan. Sorry girls, he's married!

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BABY-SITTING THE IDIOT

"RING RING" rang the phone. "Hello, who is this?" answered

"Everything's fine, but could you bring Slab 'n' Ernie over to play with

[illegible]

[illegible] replied Ernie

to come over

[illegible]

their heads

[illegible]

Without warning, George slid a firecracker into little Ernie's butt. Then he slipped a firecracker in Slab's butt, and Jimmy's also. George lit a match on his zipper. One, two, three, George lit the firecracker fuses poking out of the little nephews' jiggly butt cheeks. "BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!" said the buttocks. Slab Ernie and Jimmy ran down the street screaming, *"Woo! Woo! Woo! Woo!"*

[illegible] on the back and said, "If only we had more people like you raising our children, George Liquor!"

THE END

How many new words did you learn?
Write them down and use them in your next homework assignment

IN OUR LAST ISSUE, AS GEORGE LIQUOR, THE GREATEST LIVING AMERICAN SHOWED US HOW TO FISH THE WAY GOD INTENDED. HE WAS RUDELY INTERRUPTED BY A MYSTERIOUS HECKLER WITH A SHAMEFUL DIRTY MOUTH. JOIN US NOW AS GEORGE DEALS WITH THE FILTHY INTERLOPER

C'MON OUT IN THE OPEN, AND GET YOUR BUTT KICKED, YA WIMP!

YOU COULDN'T KICK MY BUTT IF I WAS A CRIPPLED PUSSY CAT, YOU WALKING HEART FAILURE

AHA!!

TAKE A PICTURE WHY DON'T YA, CANCER FACE?

WHAT'S A MATTER, CAT GOT YOUR GROIN?

HEY SUCK A HOT DOG FOR ME CHEESE NOSE

ALLRIGHT OKAY I GET IT

YOU SON OF A BLOOD CLOT HANGING OFF A YELLOW THROAT BOOGER YOU MAKE ME WANNA PUKE STOMACH WORMS YOU PIG MARRYING INFERTILE PINK CROOKED TROLL

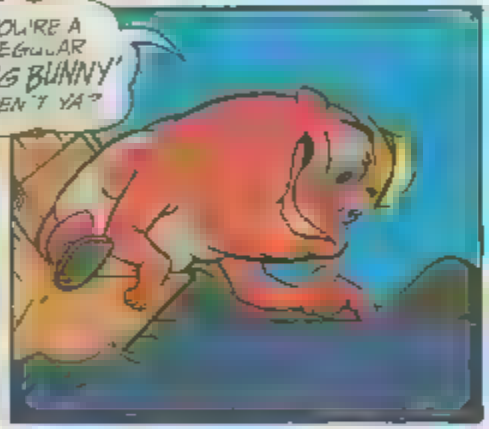
THAT'S THEIR STRATEGY

I'M NOT GOING TO PLAY HIS LITTLE GAME

SEE THAT FISH OVER THERE?

THAT'S A DIRTY MOUTH BASS!

IS THAT YOUR FACE OR DID YOUR SISTER CRAP IN YOUR HAT?


YOU'RE A REGULAR 'BUG BUNNY' AREN'T YA?

HE'S TRYING TO GET MY GOAT! THAT'S WHAT THEY DO

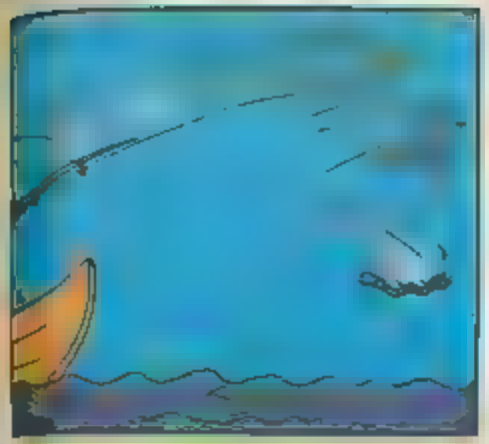
THAT'S THEIR WHOLE GAME PLAN

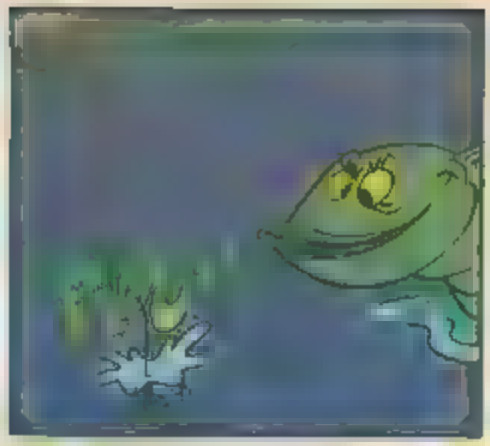
I'LL BUG YOUR BUNNY YOU REEKING SACK OF USED TESTOSTERONE

A SEASONED FISHERMAN DOESN'T LET THIS GET TO HIM

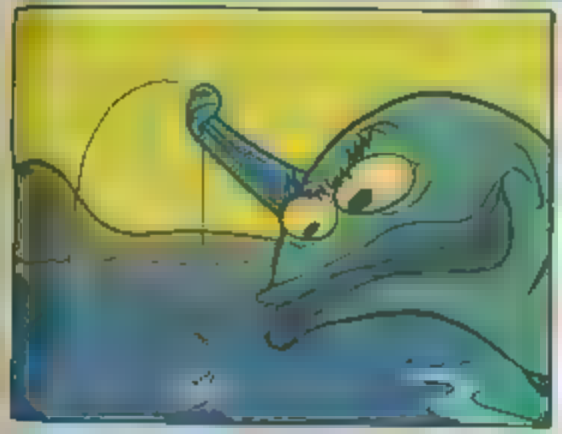
WE'RE TRAINED TO HAVE PATIENCE!

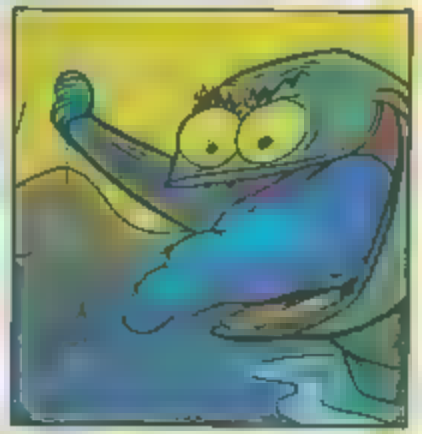
AAA, KISS MY MILT!





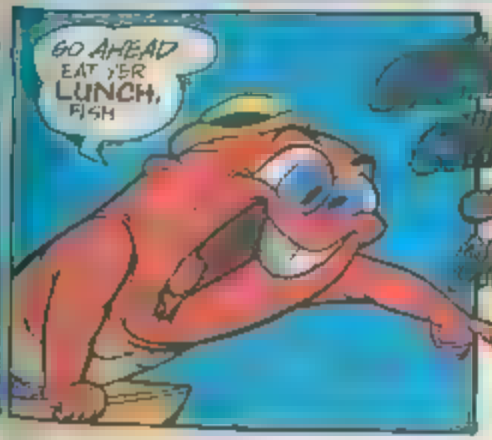
ALL YOU LADIES OUT THERE BETTER HIDE YER DAINTY EARS
YOU WORN OUT EXCUSE FOR A MAN, I BET YOU'D
A PLANK
YOU COULD
ND A KNOTHOLE SMALL ENOUGH!

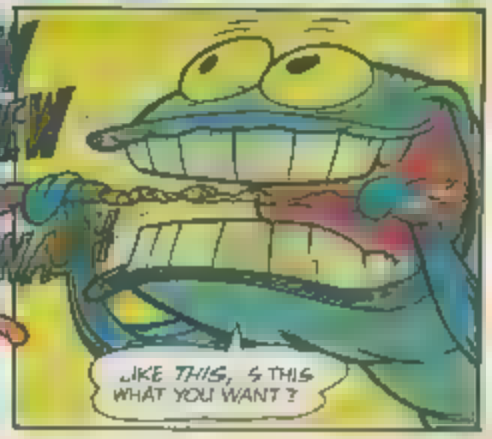




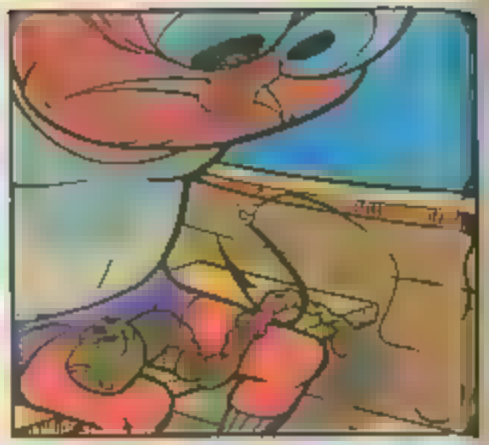
YOU CAN CUSS ALL YOU LIKE FISH

BUT HE'LL SURE LOOK GOOD IN MY FRYING PAN TONIGHT!


GO AHEAD EAT YER LUNCH, FISH

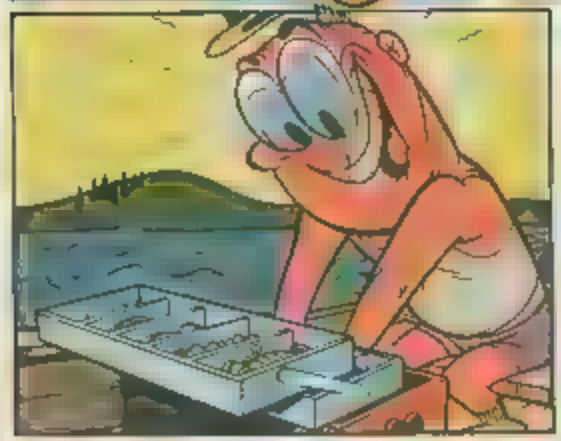

LIKE THIS, IS THIS WHAT YOU WANT?

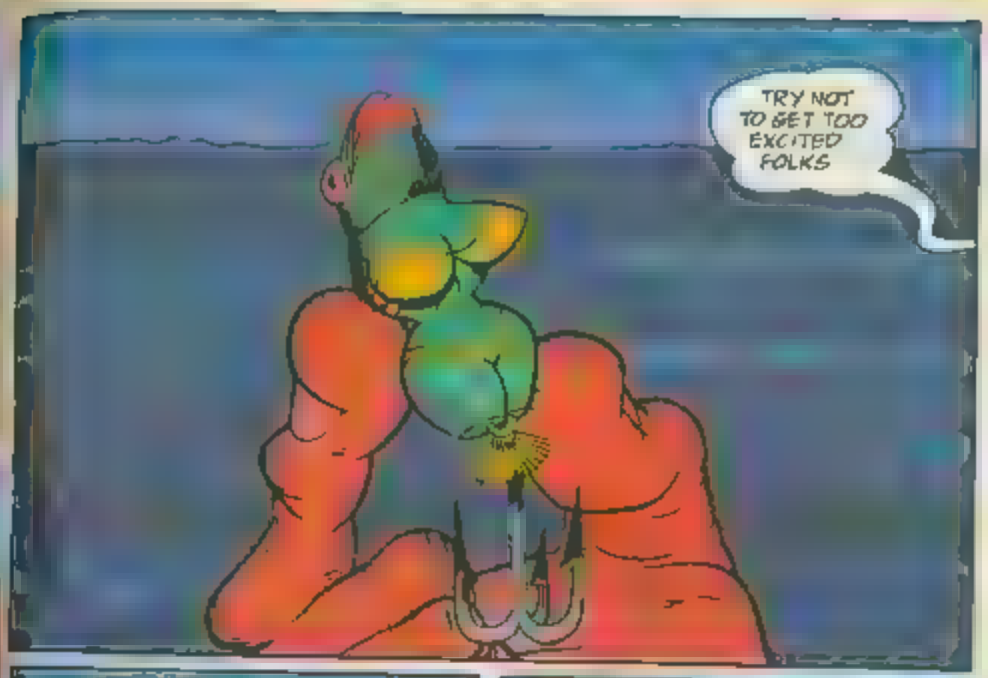
HERE YOU SUCK IT NOW.



STY LITTLE BUGGER, AIN'T HE?

I'VE GOT A SECRET WEAPON FOR NASTY FISH




TRY NOT TO GET TOO EXCITED FOLKS

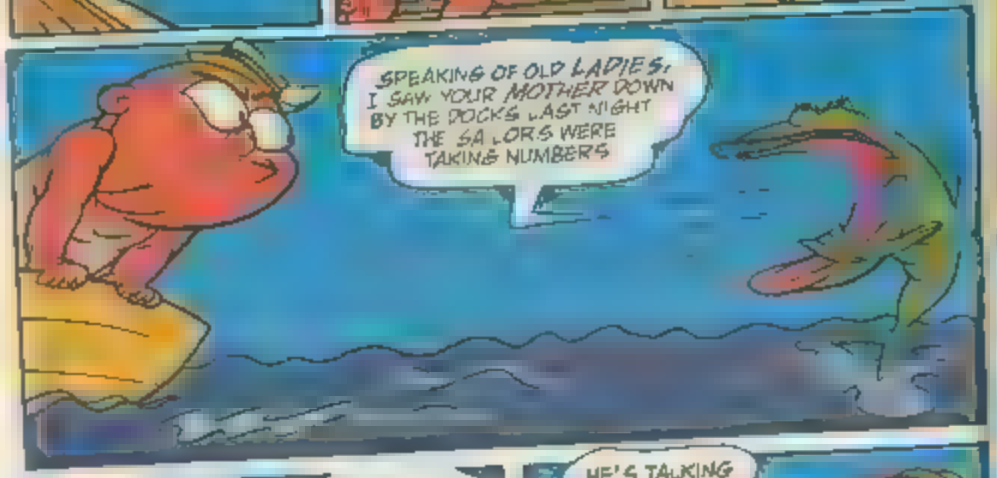
IF THIS DON'T GET IM I'LL EAT THIS COMIC.

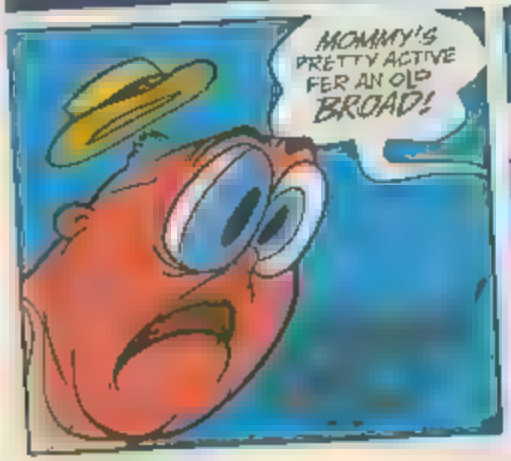
SHOOP!

COME ON BABY, I'LL SET YOUR SWIM BLADDER ON FIRE
YIPE!
IS THIS YOUR IDEA OF A WOMAN?
YOU WANNA SEE A REAL WOMAN?
LOOK IN THE MIRROR! 'CAUSE YOU FISH LIKE A WOMAN!
A WOMAN?!!
WHERE'S YOUR QUILTING CIRCLE?
WHERE'S YOUR BRIDGE CLUB?
EW... I HAVE CRAMPS!

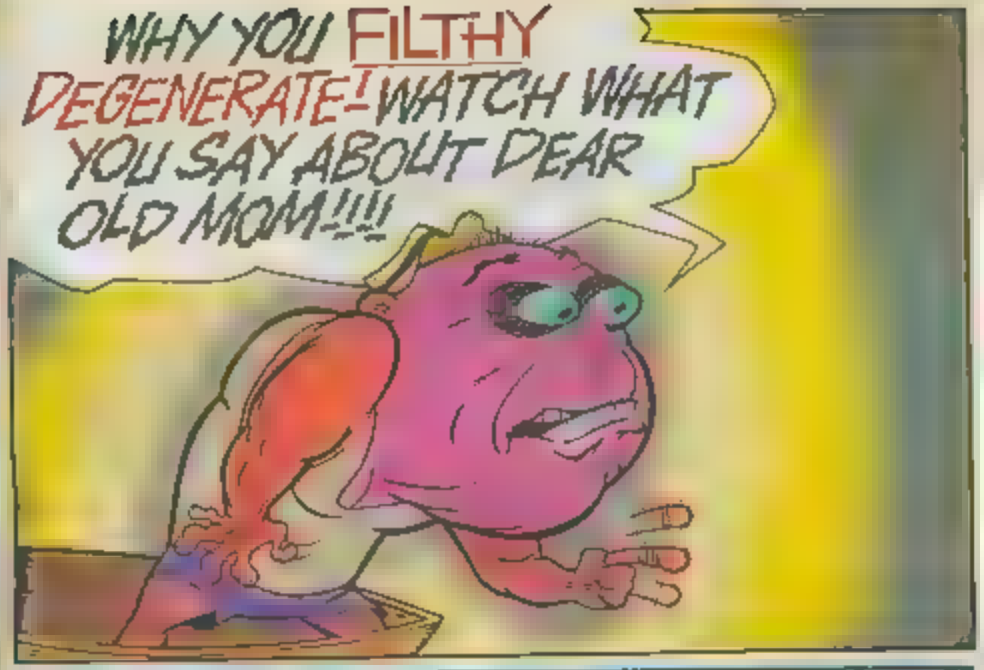
HE ALMOST GOT ME THERE!

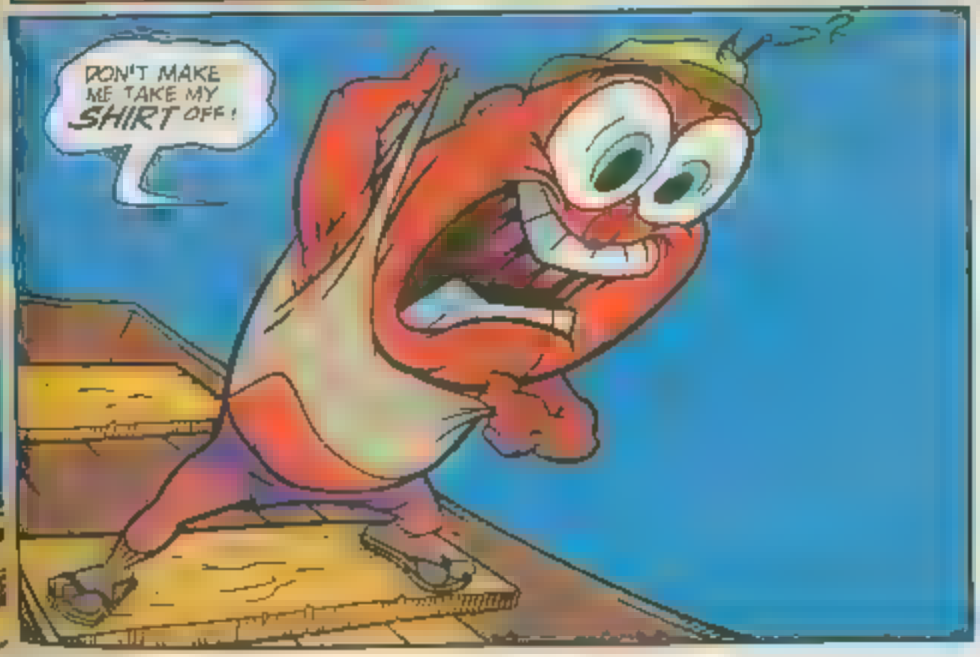
IZZAT ALL YOU GOT? YOU SWEAR LIKE AN OL LADY


SPEAKING OF OLD LADIES, I SAW YOUR MOTHER DOWN BY THE DOCKS LAST NIGHT THE SAILORS WERE TAKING NUMBERS


MOMMY'S PRETTY ACTIVE FER AN OLD BROAD!

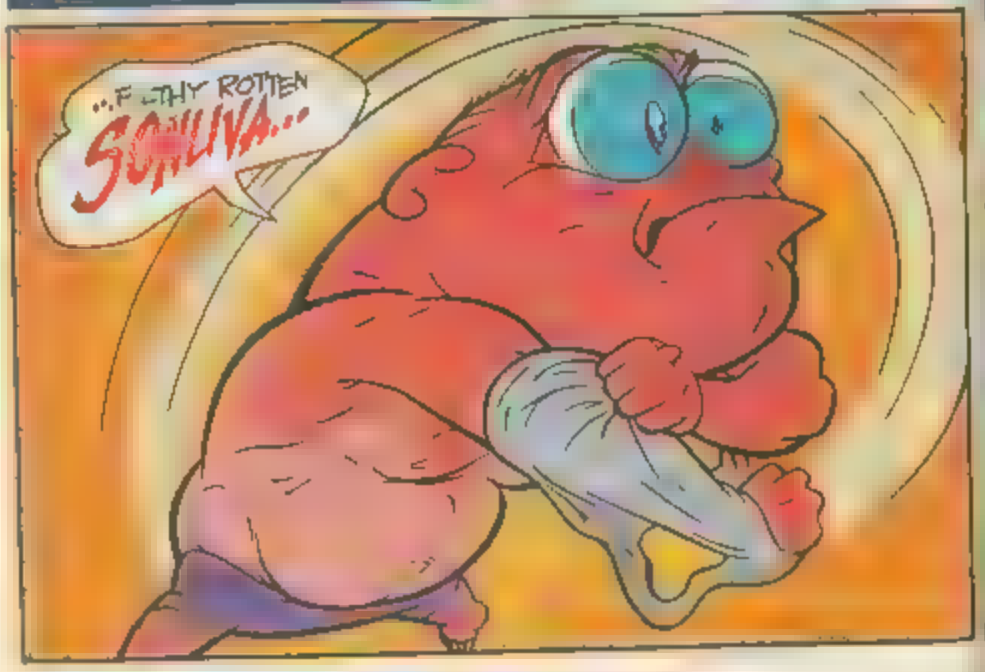
HE'S TALKING ABOUT YER MOTHER, MAN...
I WOULDN'T WANNA BE IN THAT FISH'S SHOES


WHY YOU FILTHY DEGENERATE! WATCH WHAT YOU SAY ABOUT DEAR OLD MOM!!!!


DON'T MAKE ME TAKE MY SHIRT OFF!

MADAM SEA HAG
LIQUOR NEVER CLOSES!

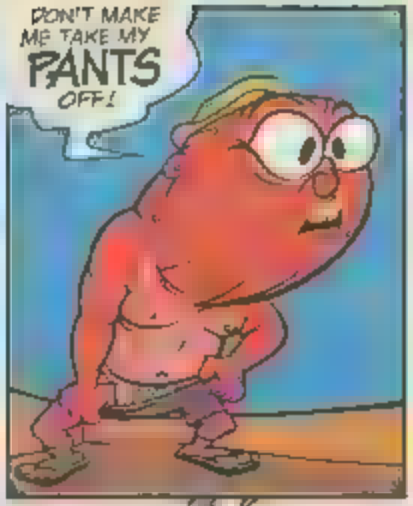
WHY YOU DIRTY...


...F THY ROTTEN SONUVA...

YOU BETTER WATCH YOUR DIRTY MOUTH, SON

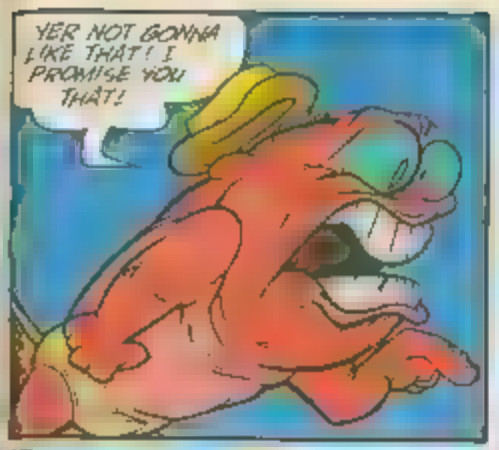
HEY HOW'S YOUR WIFE, GEORGE?

DEAD WIFE
CIGARETTES


DON'T MAKE ME TAKE MY PANTS OFF!

WHIP

SFFF
WAFT

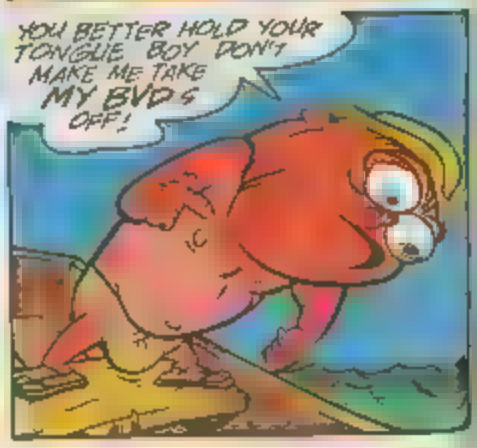

YER NOT GONNA LIKE THAT! I PROMISE YOU THAT!

YOU WON'T LIKE IT MUCH EITHER

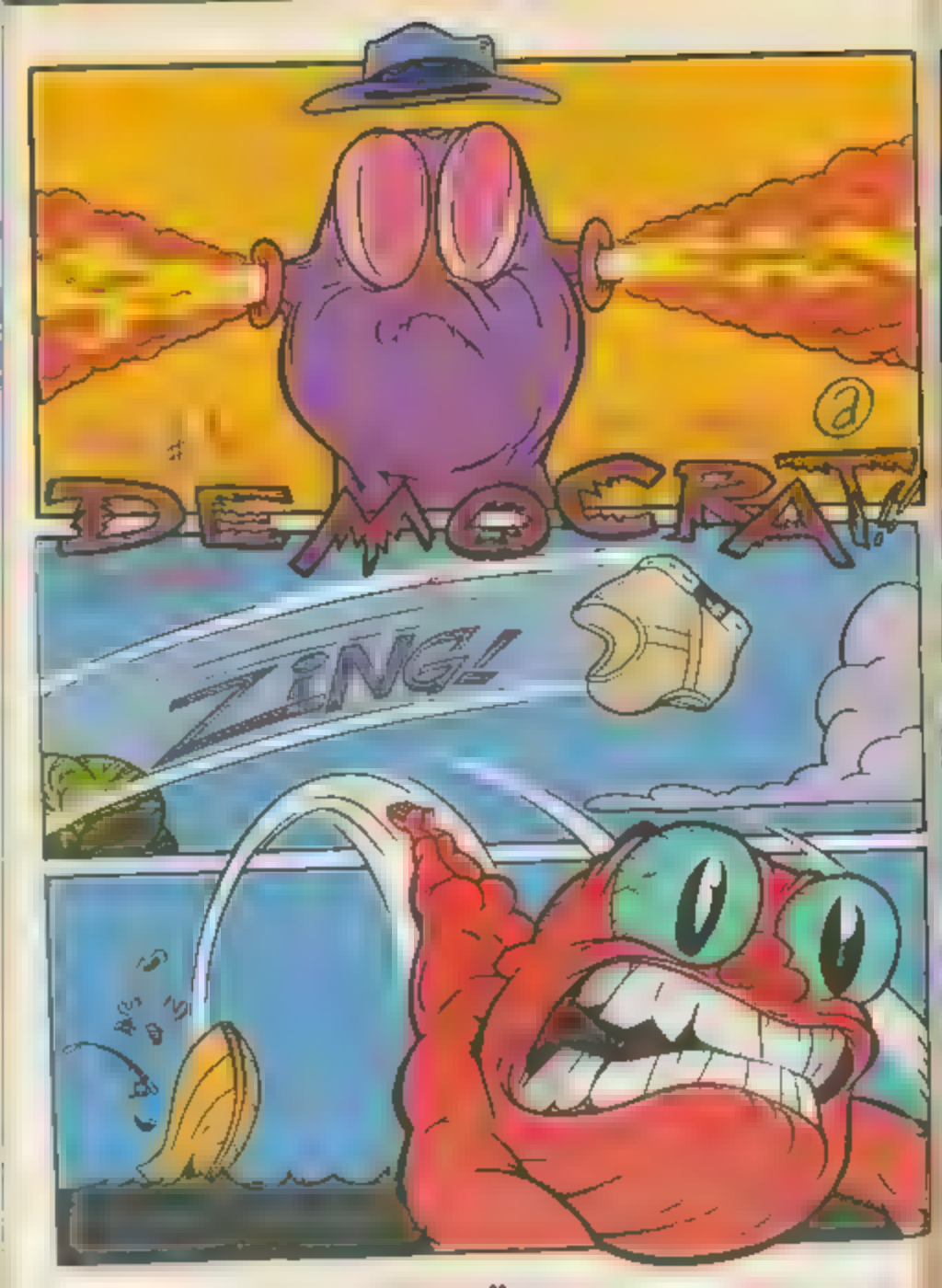
I'M WARNIN' YA! DON'T MAKE ME DO THIS!

AAA YER NUTHIN BUT A WUSSY...

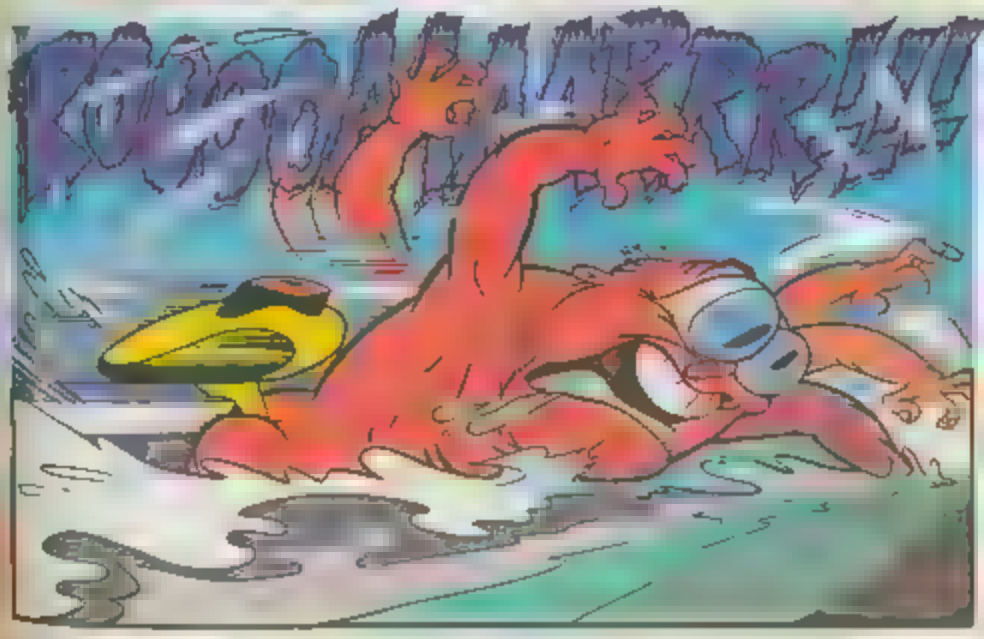
YOU TALK ABOUT MY WIFE !!!!

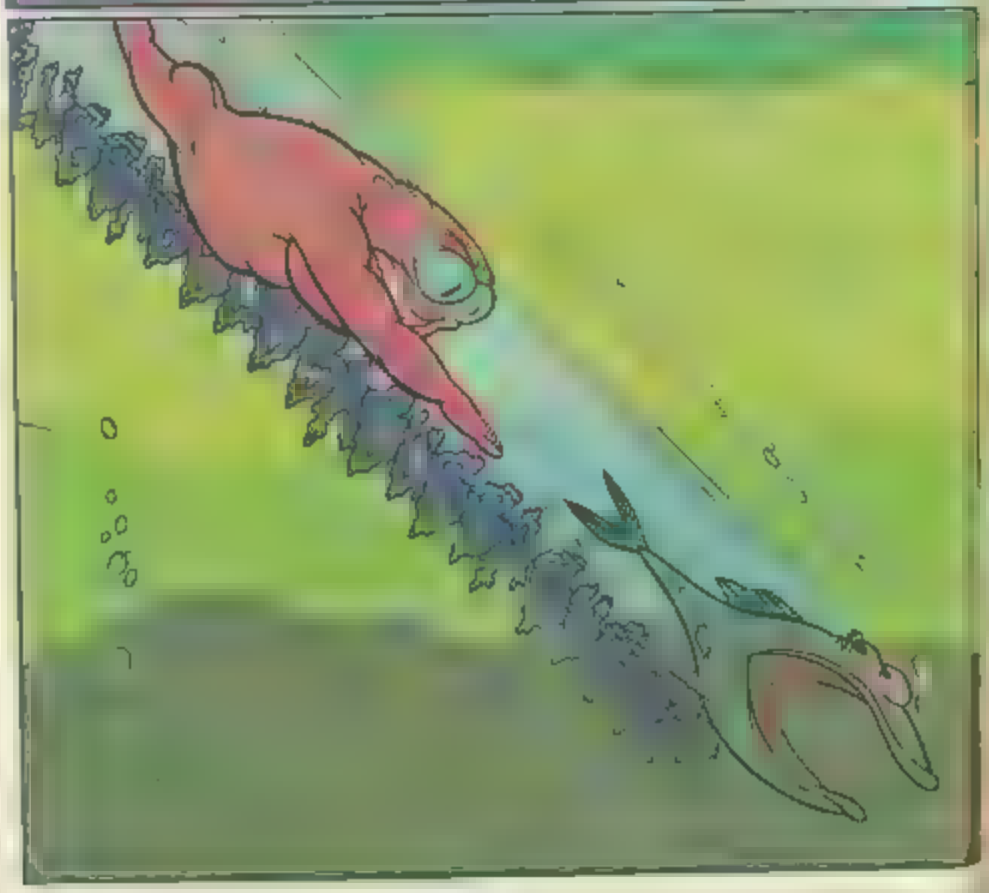

YOU BETTER HOLD YOUR TONGUE BOY DON'T MAKE ME TAKE MY BVDS OFF!

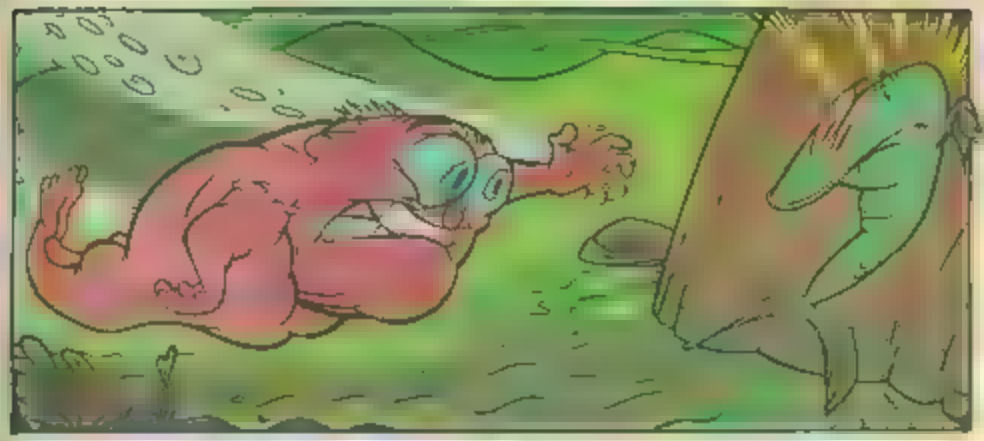
CLUP


DEMOCRAT!
ZING!

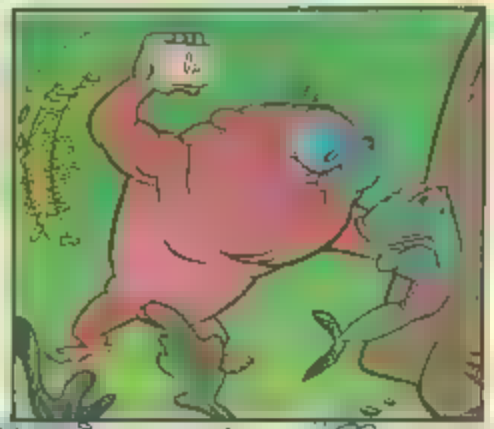
Y'PE!

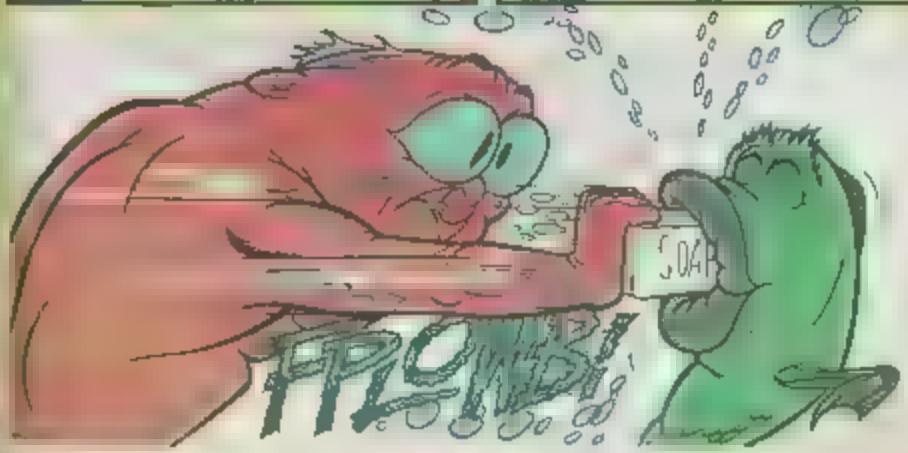




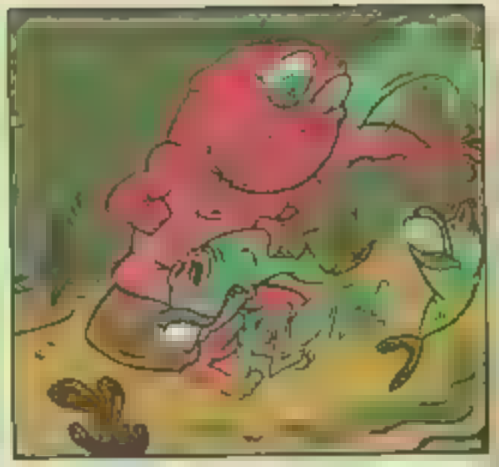


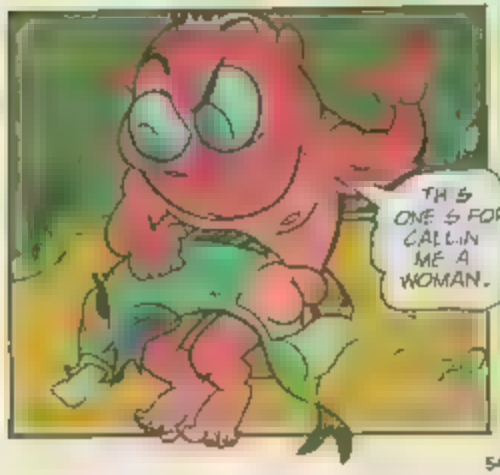
OOBOOP!




SOAP
FRUMP!

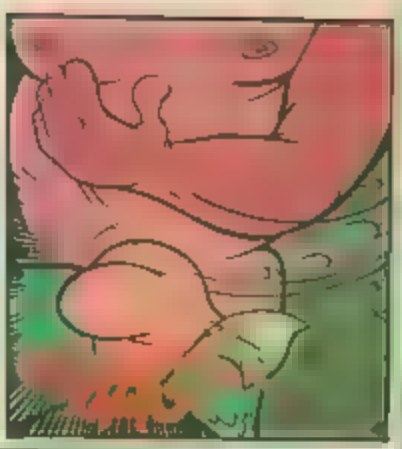
I'M GONNA GIVE YOU THE LICKIN' OF YOUR LIFE!




THIS ONE'S FOR CALLIN' ME A WOMAN.

SWAP!

THIS ONE'S FOR MOM!

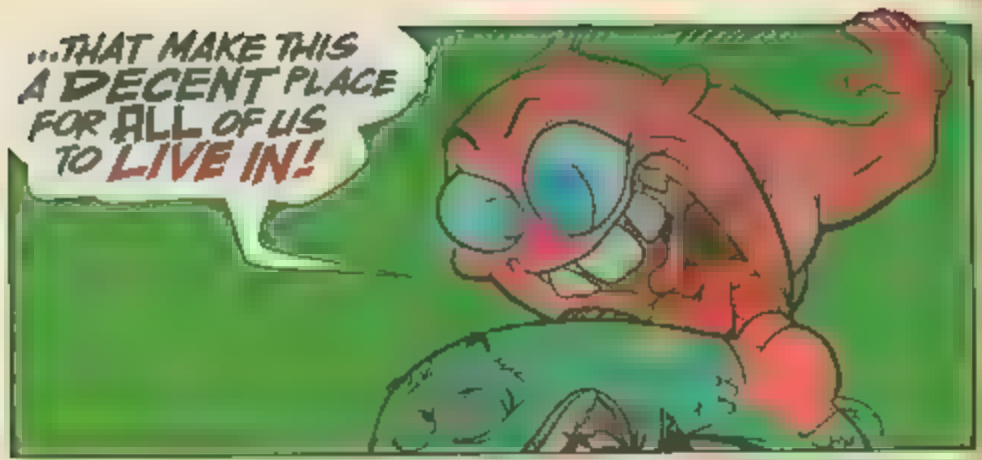


WHAMEE

THIS ONE'S FOR DEAR DEPARTED MABEL!

KOW!!

AND THIS ONE'S FOR ALL THE GODFEARING REPUBLICANS ...


...THAT MAKE THIS A DECENT PLACE FOR ALL OF US TO LIVE IN!

YEAH, ALL OF US GEORGE!

WHAT ARE YA CRYIN' FOR BOY? TAKE IT LIKE A MAN!

DIDN'T YOUR PARENTS TEACH YOU THAT?

BUT I I VE NEVER BEEN SPANKED BEFORE

DEAR GOD, LAD, HOW DID YOU KNOW YOU WERE LOVED ?

HOW OLD ARE YOU, BOY?

32

32!! AND YOU'VE NEVER BEEN SPANKED? WHAT KIND OF PARENTS ...

THEY WERE LIBERALS, SIR... I WAS RAISED BY HIPPIE DEMOCRATS ...

WAS THAT IN RUSSIA?
SOB
SNIVEL

YES SIR, NEAR THE BLACK SEA...

THEY RUN A CHILDREN'S NETWORK ...

...AT 1515 BROADWAY, MOSCOW.

SON, IT'S NOT YOUR FAULT YOU'RE THE WAY YOU ARE ...

IT'S SOCIETY'S FAULT. COME HOME WITH ME. FORGET THE PAST.

I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT REAL LOVE IS.

HEY, LARD BUTT, USE THE TRUCK LANE!
HEY... YOU SURLY LOOKIN' JERK, PASS THIRD GRADE YET?

THINK YOUR BUTT'S FLAT ENOUGH, PENCIL CHEST?

Grossology©

MESSAGE TO ADULTS:

Grossology is an educational feature for children. If you are an adult, we encourage you to skip this page of knowledge and go straight to the picture entertainment because it's too late for you to learn anything new. Your brain is a tangled mess of hardened synapses; paralyzed and sluggardly thick with prejudices and misinformation. This rotten clot of gray matter in your head is incapable of processing new ideas and you are beyond help. TURN THE PAGE NOW!

Sylvia Carol Branzei

Sylvia Carol is a veteran school teacher who, besides writing and editing science text books, has traveled throughout the Northwestern United States presenting exciting science workshops and assemblies to school children.

She received her B.S. degree in Microbiology from the University of Michigan in 1980 and a M.A. degree in Science Education from California Polytechnic University in 1986.

The following is an excerpt from Sylvia Carol's upcoming book, Grossology: The Science of Really Gross Things, Addison-Wesley Publishing Co. To order call: 1-800-358-4500.

BOOGERS

Seventy out of a hundred people admit to picking them. And about three people out of those seventy admit to eating them — BOOGERS! The number may even be higher. Try taking a survey of the people you know!

Boogers can be slippery or crusty. They can be yellow, green, or brown. They are sometimes clumpy, sometimes slimy. Boogers are actually nose garbage. Each day, you suck in a small roomful of air. If the air were only gas, you would not even make boogers. But the air is filled with dust, smoke, grit, bacteria, tiny fungus, pollen, soot, little metal pieces, ash, haze, sand, and even itty-bitty meteorites. One job of the nose is to clean the stuff out.

Rough bristles, or nose hairs, are the first air cleaners. These hairs are also called vibrissae (vee BRIS ee), which is the same word for cat whiskers. Take a good look at your vibrissae. Better yet, look at the nose hairs of your father, uncle, or grandfather. Grown men sprout lots of nose hairs. Vibrissae working alone would be like blowing air through a broom. Some junk would get stuck. If you dipped the broom bristles into oil or water, imagine how much better it would trap gunk. This is exactly what happens in your nose. A sticky liquid, called mucus (MEW kus), or snot, coats the skin and the hairs in your nose. Bits of dirt and other stuff get trapped in your nose hairs, and then they are surrounded by nose mucus. The sticky trapped stuff clumps together little by little, until a big clump is formed—a real booger. If the booger hangs around, the moisture evaporates as you breathe in more dry air and you make a dry booger. If your nose has lots of mucus, or the air is very humid (has lots of water in it), the booger may stay nice and moist. The booger sticks around until you blow it out, breathe it in, or pick it.

So boogers are polluted nose mucus. Besides being very antisocial, booger eating is not a good idea because you munch a lot of icky stuff. Actually, picking your nose isn't too clean either. If you pick your nose really hard, it will bleed. Don't do it!

If you have any questions about gross stuff write to: **Her Grossness, Sylvia Carol, at 7336 Santa Monica Blvd., #591, Los Angeles, CA 90046.**

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